

## Black & White by Introvertia

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alcohol, F/M, M/M, Smoking

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Tina, Tommy H. (Stranger Things), Vicki

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-10

**Updated:** 2017-12-10

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 05:20:13

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,844

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Flippy's Card Prompt

Diamonds for Crack - Nope, couldn't manage that, failed at that part.

Jonathan - Yep

Tiger Beat Magazine/Candy - Yep

Gym- Yep

I totally struggled with this challenge but am happy I participated, it's more of an exploration than a complete story, although I tried to make it feel like it had a proper beginning, middle and end. Please enjoy.

## Black & White

### *Jonathan*

Jonathan aimed, pointed and shot a couple of the boys practicing basketball. He sat down on the bleachers and pulled out a box of Lemonheads and shook a couple into his palm and popped them in his mouth. The squeaking of tennis shoes and cheers and jeers, it wasn't really his milieu. Jonathan wondered if there'd ever be a place he felt he belonged. Even Will could see that his brother was a fish out of water, *is that why you don't have any friends?* Will was so honest it made Jonathan both proud of Will and kind of afraid for the kid. Things *had* been better, winter had been almost magical, the gate was closed, Will's episodes had stopped and he and Nancy were together. Jonathan wondered what Nancy saw in him, whatever it was he was grateful.

"Hey, what are you doing here, I thought you were, um I don't know, against this sort of thing?" Steve sat down next to Jon and punched his shoulder in greeting.

"Just getting some shots." Jonathan peered through his camera adjusting the light meter.

"Are you going to make me famous, get me on the cover of Tiger Beat?"

“Sure, right next to Scott Baio.” Jonathan cracked a slim smile and offered Steve some Lemonhead candies.

“Thanks.” Steve ate a trio of the sour candies and sucked them in one cheek.

“I’m trying to build my portfolio a little bit, I thought sports shots might appeal to NYU, I mean to show some diversity.” Jonathan shrugged feeling uneasy talking about himself.

“Just make sure you get my good side.” Steve clapped his hand on Jon’s back as he got up and got back on the court.

Jonathan walked around the parameters of the court, the skirmish had begun, skins against shirts. He snapped a few pictures taking his time. Billy Hargrove, the last guy to get in a fight with Steve, was by far the most aggressive player on the court. He plowed through most of the players and seemed to shadow Steve in particular. Jonathan took a few pics of the pair, two alphas, if there was anything worth printing that’s what he’d title it. It didn’t really fascinate him, it made him tired; it reminded him of his dad, always trying to make a man out of him with heavy handed machismo, making him go hunting and shoving him around.

Jonathan sat down and pulled out a notebook from his shoulder bag and started writing a few thoughts down, he’d read the best bits to Will on sleepless nights. Will was getting better everyday, but some nights he’d come in, looking like a ghost again, and they’d sit and talk, sometimes about dumb stuff like movies, and sometimes real things, like Bob or Lonnie, sometimes Will would bring in drawings to share, and lately Jonathan would read some of his journal entries. Somedays it was hard to believe Will had ever been lost in the Upsidedown, other days it felt like he’d never come back, like none of them had ever really come back. Jonathan flipped to the back of the notebook where he wrote things to share with Nancy and started filling out a page, lost in thought he wrote and wrote.

“So you’re the guy boning Nancy Wheeler.” Billy sat down next to Jonathan and pulled the pen out of his hand and stuck it behind his ear. Jonathan looked at Billy, he’d heard a lot of stories about this guy and didn’t like the idea of having his own Hargrove story to share.

“Looks like you and King Steve are making nice now.” Billy looked at Jonathan from head to toe, and back to his eyes, he looked unimpressed.

“That’s the trouble with small towns, someone’s always going to get stuck with sloppy seconds.” Jonathan shut his notebook, and Billy snagged it out of his fingers reading what Jonathan had scrawled in heavy ink on the front cover aloud.

“ ‘*What a piece of work is a man*’, Shakespeare, very original.” Billy tossed it back at Jonathan as he rose and hopped off the bleachers, “‘*The paragon of animals*’ ,” Billy took a bow, walking backwards to the showers looking at Jonathan.

Jonathan got up deciding he’d like to avoid Billy for the rest of his life and walked out of the gym. After school Jonathan was taking a few shots of the clouds before dusk and he heard someone jogging over to him, he looked over wondering if it was Hargrove coming to return his pen by stabbing him with it, he just seemed like the type.

“Hey, I heard Hargrove was giving you a hard time.”

“He tried.” Jonathan took another shot of the sky.

“What’d he say?”

“Nothing original.” Jonathan shrugged and started walking towards his car.

“You get any good shots?”

“Maybe, I don’t know if we’ll get you on the cover Teen Dream or

whatever.”

“Tiger Beat man, it’s Tiger Beat, didn’t you ever check out what the girls were reading in grade school?”

“Not really.”

“It pays to study.” Steve said gravely, they both laughed. Nancy was waiting by Jon’s car, she smiled at them both.

It was Wednesday afternoon and Jonathan had spent his lunch break in the darkroom. He’d gotten three good shots from the game, and one of the sky, and one of Nancy in profile, she hadn’t been aware he was taking her picture and she looked lost in thought, it was a beautiful portrait and it made Jonathan’s heart sing just to look at it. The rest of roll was an exercise in mediocrity, but five good shots out of 24 exposures honestly wasn’t that bad, he’d of been happy with two. He carefully filed the negatives with the contact sheets and put the rest of his prints in the stiff folder. He was looking forward to showing Nancy the photo he took of her, but also thought it might be nice to cut a mat for it and put it in a frame, maybe just hang it in his room and wait for her to notice.

“So funny thing,” Jonathan had barely stepped out of the film lab and there was Hargrove, his back propped against the wall head tilted back looking like a sleepy lion waiting to pounce on its prey.

“Tommy told me all about your stalking days, can’t say I’ve ever tried that move, pretty bold, but it paid off.” Billy snarked falling in step with Jonathan who kept walking. Billy took a step and got in front of him. Jonathan looked Billy in the eyes, he could feel his fists involuntarily clenching. Will had once demanded that Jonathan picked a mutant power, he’d chosen invisibility, he wished he could be invisible now, he didn’t like Billy being so focused on him.

“So how about those photos you took at gym, did you print them?”

Billy stood in his path, he was a couple inches taller than Jonathan, which made Jonathan stand up straighter.

“Do you speak, Jon-Boy? I know your family has a reputation of being a little wacko, but no one said you’re a mute.”

“Maybe I don’t want to talk to you.” Jonathan attempted to sidestep him only to walk into Hargrove’s palm stopping him abruptly.

“Rude, Byers, very, very rude. I’m just making conversation here.”

“Do you always start conversation by being a total dick?”

“Watch your mouth, Byers.” Billy was clearly amused.

“No you watch your mouth, if you want to ask me something, you can do it without the commentary on my personal life.” Jonathan could feel his face flushing, he wasn’t yelling, but he was angry.

“Alright, Byers, don’t get your panties in a twist.” Billy’s eyes were lost in his eyelashes as he squinted at Jonathan. They stood nearly chest to chest for a moment, people in the hallways were slowing down, waiting for a fight to breakout but no one had the nerve to egg them on.

“At least I know you can talk now.” Billy said with a half smile.

“What do you want?” Jonathan took a measured breath, he wanted to stay calm.

“Those photos from practice, are you going to let me see them or are they some kind of secret?”

“Sure.” Jonathan didn’t know why he should let Billy see them, but felt like it was somehow important to Billy, and might even help as a way to avoid more of the agro bullshit. Jonathan flipped open his satchel and pulled out his binder of carefully arranged prints and negatives.

“These are the best three from the game, the rest I looked at on contact sheets, but didn’t print them on eight by tens.” Jonathan slipped them out and handed them to Billy, who flipped through all

three quickly and then again and considered each one slowly. There was one of Steve blocking a shot, his body extended and his fingers reaching, Billy was mid jump, his muscles tight and frozen in flight, the next one was of Billy and Steve hustling up court, Billy reaching round, about to slap the ball away while Steve was looking for him over the wrong shoulder. In the last image Steve was looking at Billy neither of them in motion, the ball a blur being dribbled by Steve, Billy watching Steve's face and not the ball.

"Can I have these?"

"What?"

"Can. I. Have. These?" Billy repeated, waving the prints in his hand.

"Yeah, I guess." Jonathan was genuinely surprised. It was easy enough to reprint them, he had all his notes and wanted to print them on better quality paper. Billy nodded at him and as he turned away mumbling, "Thanks, Byers." Without looking back.

Jonathan was driving Nancy home after school. He was still mulling over his interaction with Billy. He'd heard so much about him, and seen how he was with everyone at school. Short fused, flirting, fighting, always trying to prove something.

"Hey, you okay." Nancy was stuffing books into her backpack.

"Yeah, long day." Jonathan took her hand and kissed her fingers, his eyes on the road.

"Did you finish your prints?"

"Yeah, well I need to buy some better printing paper, might drive over to Carterville, they've got a pretty good photo place there, it's new, maybe I can work there in the summer."

"Can I see them?"

"The photos? Well, it's just the contact sheets, let me show you them

when I've got them more presentable."

"Are they going in the portfolio?"

"I think so." Jonathan pulled up in front of the Wheeler house and parked.

"I'm really proud of you, Jonathan." Nancy beamed at him. Jonathan blushed and pulled her close and kissed her cheek and lips.

"Well, if we both get in, then that would be, really cool. Right?"

"Yes, it would be." Nancy effused.

## ***Billy***

Tina was dancing with Vicki and Carol she kept looking at Billy when she thought he wasn't looking, or maybe hoping he was looking. He winked at her and flicked his tongue in her direction making her laugh, Vicki noticed and gave him a sour look. Billy laughed.

"Are you listening to what I'm saying?"

"Does it matter?" Billy pushed Tommy's face away and headed for the cooler, he flipped it open and grabbed a can of beer. It was Tina's 18th birthday and the party was half the size of her Halloween bash and twice as boring, her parents had banned her from having hard liquor at the party and for some reason she was obeying their request. A few people had smuggled in their own, but it was long gone. Billy popped the can and drained it in several long swallows and tossed it back in the cooler and shut it. This wasn't going to cut it. Billy strode down the hall, he watched a couple disappear into the bathroom. He walked further along the hallway and found a door marked DO NOT ENTER and tried the handle, it wasn't locked. Inside was an office, complete with a gun case, desk, taxidermied ducks, a wolverine and a glaring stag head. He headed straight for



the liquor cabinet and found a bottle of Macallan. He put it the back of the waistband of his jeans and pulled his shirt tails out and the back of his jacket down to better conceal it. He tried the gun case but it was locked. He looked around the room, there were a couple hunting pics, Men standing around holding dead ducks, and in one of a middle aged guy standing over a buck, there was a single picture of Tina and her family on a boat, sunburned and smiling, eyes squinted in the bright sunlight, the water was shining and rippling. He stared at it till he could smell the salt water. He missed the ocean, he missed a lot of things.

"This room is off limits." Billy turned around and smiled at Tina, she melted under his gaze and folded her arms.

"You look hot in a bikini." He winked at her, measuring her response.

"What, oh, that's like, an awful picture." She rolled her eyes, "Come back to the party, we're going to play beer pong in the garage." She smiled and stepped out of the door frame to let him pass, he reached over and rested his hand on her ass and propelled her forward.

"After you." He pushed her, with just enough force that she was ahead of him and he was certain she wouldn't notice the bottle he'd stuffed down the back of his jeans. Vicki spied them coming up the hallway and looked livid.

"Having fun, Billy?" She hissed at him, she was drunk and flushed. Tina had already tottered ahead to the garage and missed the exchange.

"No. Are you Vicki? You look a little fucked up, like you can't hold your liquor."

"Fuck you." She flipped him off and staggered after Tina. Billy went out the front door as everyone was headed out the backdoor to the garage. He'd put that fire out Monday, she'd be mad, but she'd get over it. He got in his car, with a full bottle of whiskey and nowhere to go, because that's what fucking happens when you live in the middle of nowhere. He punched the steering wheel and sat back. That's when he saw Steve Harrington heading up the sidewalk, a case of beer under one arm. Billy got out of the car and rested his back against the door and lit up, making sure that Steve noticed him.

“Harrington.” Billy said around the cigarette.

“Hargrove.” Steve said eyeing him.

“You’re late to the party.”

“Guess I should hurry inside then.”

“It’s a bust.” Billy announced with a smile.

“Oh yeah?” Steve slowed his pace, he’d not yet passed where Billy was leaning.

“Yeah.” Billy asserted. He watched as Steve contemplated the house and came to a complete halt.

“It does seem a bit quiet.” Steve mumbled. He didn’t look like he wanted to go in.

“How about sharing the wealth Harrington?” Billy drew on his cigarette and looked meaningfully at the case of beer.

“Why not.” Steve set the box on the ground and opened up a side and pulled out a can and tossed it at Billy, and got one out for himself and opened it. Billy cracked open the can and tilted it back draining it. He watched Steve out of the corners of his eyes. Steve drank about half of the can three long slugs. Billy watched Steve’s throat move with each swallow.

“You know Jonathan, he’s my friend.” Steve had lowered the can and was looking at it as he spoke.

“The guy that stole your girl, is your friend. That’s pretty deep, Harrington.”

“Just, leave my friends alone.”

“Shit, you sound like Max, guess that makes you a bitch too. Do you hear yourself Harrington? Jon-boy can handle himself, you don’t need to try and save him, besides, you can’t even save yourself, last time it was Max.” Billy watched Steve, he was waiting for him to lose it, a fight might make things interesting, if Steve could keep up this time.

Steve finished his beer and picked up the case of and headed inside to Tina's without word. Billy observed him, feeling his anger rise. He was sick of this town and everyone in it. He got back in the car and opened up the bottle of pilfered whiskey and chugged about half of it. He pulled out his school bag and slid out the black and white prints and studied each one, Steve leaping up his feet inches off the ground his fingers splayed high above his head to block the ball, the two of them hustling up the court, Steve looking over his shoulder not realizing Billy was on the other side about to steal the ball, and the one he looked at the most, the two of them looking at each other, neither of them making a move.